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At the present moment, so says an English paper, fortune telling is one of the most flourishing systems of imposture in that country, and there is scarcely a town or village without its resident or visiting cheat of this description.

Patagonia has been obliterated from the map of South America. To Chili has been assigned all the western slope of the Cordillera to the southern extremity of the Continent. The remainder becomes the property of the Argentine Confederation. Terra del Fuego is parted equally, while Chili takes all the other islands.

James Tucker (colored) of Sandystone, Sussex County, has the distinction of being the most extensive producer of eggs in New Jersey. His poultry yards contain 300 hens of the white Leghorn breed, and from these he obtains thirty dozen eggs a day. Mr. Tucker has been so successful in poultry raising that his methods are being widely adopted, and he is quoted as authority on questions relating to the business.

A tea ship that recently arrived at Portland, Oregon, had on board a very peculiar bird, called the Japanese tumbler. It has a habit of jumping from its perch, turning a somersault, and coming down on the perch all standing, and this trick it will perform dozens of times in succession, till beholders deem the bird demented. It is considerably larger than a canary, and of rather pretty plumage, but not much in the musical line.

There is real English thrift indicated in a recent tale from Cheltenham, which is a very enlightened town, especially noted for its many excellent schools. And yet the whole town is worked up over the alleged appearance of an old lady's ghost who wants to show somebody where she buried \$500 before she died. The municipal authorities, under the advice of the ghost, have offered \$50 to any one who will find the treasure; and regular "ghost trains" are run in from the suburbs for the convenience of those who want to see the old lady's shade.

A Spanish shepherd killed by lightning recently was made the subject of a scientific post mortem to discover how the electric bolt had done its fatal work. His eyeballs and eyelashes were burned off, his eyeballs were dried up, all his left side was scorched and burned in spots down to the ankle, while the right side of the body and right leg were unscathed. Serious as these injuries were, none of them appeared sufficient to have caused his instant death. But as soon as the breast was opened the cause of death was apparent. The lungs were frightfully congested and the heart was enormously dilated and filled with coagulated blood. With all this damage to the man his clothing was very little injured, the only traces of the lightning upon it being a small hole bored through the rim of the hat and a slight singeing of the shirt collar.

A representation of Marshal Bazaine as a stage villain has nearly caused a riot in Paris. What long memories those Parisians have! If Marshal Bazaine had been an American, says the New York Graphic, he might have created and lost a dozen governments and been forgotten in five years. The Mexican "expedition," on which the play is founded, has more of romance in it than anything else in the continental or international politics of the last thirty years. It has material for an excellent play. It has not been half written up for books. There was never a more interesting character than Maximilian, the only imported Emperor that Mexico has had; and the heroism attending his execution has not been half celebrated. His wife, Carlotta, still lives in one of the sequestered establishments of the Hapsburgs, hopelessly insane. The Princess Salm-Salm, originally a circus-rider, was one of the most brilliant members of the Court at Queretaro. The misfortunes of the last Napoleon as a ruler began in Mexico, to be ended at Sedan. Marshal Bazaine led the French forces that were to establish a French foothold in Mexico. His Emperor was exiled. Maximilian was shot. The Prince Imperial died with a spear in his side in the country of the Zulus. Of that imperial establishment only Eugenie remains, heartless and old. The only victory of Marshal Bazaine in Mexico was winning a young Mexican woman, who accompanied him to France as his bride. In the war with Germany that followed the loss of Mexico, the death of Maximilian and the end of our Civil War, the Marshal was hopelessly disgraced for military incapacity and sentenced to confinement for a term of years. The Mexican lady helped him to escape, and since then he has passed out of the memory and interest of this busy world.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks, for the year's brave bounties; Thanks, for the joys of life; Thanks, for our nation's glory; Thanks, for the death of strife; Thanks, that the roar of battle Comes only from afar; Thanks, that the love of freedom Still leads men like stars; Thanks, that the world is better; That the future seems so bright; That the strength of an age of reason Is teaching men the right.

CAPE ANN LIGHTS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Chenoweth farm lies close beside the sea. The meadows and the pasture-lands are back a bit, sheltered from the keen east winds by the rise of rocks near the coast; but the farmhouse, built of rough hewn stone, a hundred and fifty years ago, by the rough, strong hands of Gardner Chenoweth himself, stands in a nook formed by a whim of the sea's own—a dent in the land where the waters rush in and out at the bidding of the moon—now surging and roaring, and creeping and crashing, over and between the great irregular piles of granite boulders; now curling and foaming and dimpling on the sweet summer days away up to the orchard-walls, and licking with its strong salt lips the low fields where, in the hot weather, the cattle love to stand up to their middles in the cool water.

Dorothy Chenoweth has listened to the roar and sob of the breakers on the Cape Ann coast all of her life. She has watched the storms of twenty winters come looming grayly up from the east; and she has seen twenty years of suns rise up to meet her glad young eyes from far and away across the heaven-kissing line of the Atlantic. She has learned to love the changeful moods of the "great waters"—to love, too, and almost to live by, the varyings of the deep.

Dave Chenoweth, Dorothy's father, is master of one of the largest of the Gloucester fishing smacks, and the farm is managed by her brother Joe. Dorothy is housekeeper, and takes charge of the dairy and the poultry, and sends into Gloucester of a market-day the sweetest tubs of butter, and the whitest cream-cheeses, and the largest eggs of any one round about the country.

And Dorothy—a strong, straight, tall girl, with large brown eyes, and braids of brown hair, and red sweet lips making the one touch of vivid color in her pale, round face—Dorothy has a lover. Indeed she has many, but Jack Kendal—so the neighbors have it—has made his mark on Dorothy's heart.

He is a big, splendid, fair fellow, sunshine in his blue bright eyes, and sunshine in his curly golden head. Jack is mate of Dave Chenoweth's boat, the Susan Jane, and besides owning a very good bit of land inland, already has enough laid by in the bank at Gloucester to fit out a boat of his own with next year.

Jack had been courting Dorothy Chenoweth for over a year—people said they were engaged—when, one day in July—Jack and her father were busy mending their sails on the porch and Joe was off haying—it came out that it fell to Dorothy herself to take the butter and the cheeses and the eggs into town.

"Hey, Sis!" called Dave Chenoweth to his daughter, as she was starting off in the old farm-wagon, her dark eyes shining under her pink sunbonnet.

"Yes, father!" answered she, pulling up the gray mare with a nervous jerk. "Stop to Squire Redlon's as you go; Miss Redlon told me as she'd be 'a-wantin' butter an' eggs, come along 'bout now—more'n they had of their own. Fred's got home, an' there's lots o' company over yon."

"Very well, father."

Dorothy drove away, glancing back with smiling eyes to Jack, mending his nets on the porch; she did not forget to stop at Squire Redlon's.

Mrs. Redlon set word by the cook that she would take all the eggs and a dozen cheeses; and as Dorothy Chenoweth, with her firm, brown hands, unwrapped the white cheeses from the linen cloth, and set them on the big platter Mrs. Redlon's cook held up to her at the wagon-side, Mrs. Redlon's son came around to the back of the house, looking for his fishing tackle.

He did not find it. He found Dorothy Chenoweth instead. It seemed to him that he had never before seen anything so beautiful. It seemed to him that he must have been unconsciously seeking, in all the far foreign lands that he had lived in for so many years, for just this tall, slight, strong young woman sitting there before him in a slip of summer-sunshine, with a dismal brown frock and a terrible pink sun-bonnet.

It was only the beginning of July, but Jack Kendal's summer ended that soft, warm day.

He knew it—felt it—could swear that the winter's cold was gnawing at his heartstrings, as, eagerly watching for Dorothy, he at last saw her drive slowly down the lane.

Fred Redlon was sitting beside her. Both were talking so interestedly that neither of them noticed him lessening on the mossy wall, or saw that the lamps were already lighted in the lighthouse.

Dorothy always had supper on the table just as the lights were lighted, but to-night she had, alas! forgotten altogether about supper.

Fred had come to the farm to see Dave, to talk over his old childish days, when Dave Chenoweth was only a second mate himself, and not married yet, and when Fred Redlon loved to sit on the porch and listen to stories of the Gloucester gales and the bonny fishermen's life he made of it.

So the sunset ended for Jack. And so it ended for Dorothy.

What new worlds Fred opened to her! what longings and cravings were born in her girlish breast! And the long walks on the rocky beach, where hand touched hand in mute, growing acquaintanceship; and the twilight wanderings all across the Cape, threading the narrow sheep-tracks, and stopping to pull the wild flowers as they went. And the home-comings when the stars were out, and all the meadows shone with dew; when the sea lay locked in calm, melting into the great quiet of the summer sky, and when the Cape Ann Lights shone out in splendor yonder on Thatcher's lonely island.

Those lights always made Dorothy remember Jack. She knew not why, but in some sorry fashion they did. The lights were there for fishermen, Jack was a fisherman, and it always seemed to her as if in some inscrutable way they were bidding her not forget Jack Kendal.

She glanced over to the face of the man who, at the lane-gate, stood now looking into her eyes.

It was the face of an artist, a poet, a dreamer—one of those men who mar their lives through trying to make of them too much. The splendid black eyes, bespeaking his Spanish mother, were far handsomer than her own; the delicate dilated nostrils, the thin selfish lips, the low stature and the beautiful white womanish hands.

Dorothy sighed a sigh of curious content and discontent. This man, she felt, filled a certain part of her future full. And yet—and yet—She raised her eyes to the sea. There pointed the great gray finger, there shone the lights; and she heard Jack Kendal whistling softly to himself at the barn, where he was helping Joe put up the horse and feed the lambs.

It was November.

The Susan Jane had already been out and up to the Banks once and back again with a load.

As Jack Kendal neared Gloucester Harbor, the strain was almost too much for him. Would he have gone to Boston? Surely, yes. Would she be glad to see him, or would she only be thinking of the Summer lover, whose effeminate beauty Jack, in his big soul secretly despised?

He left Dave Chenoweth pottering about the Susan Jane chaffering with fish-merchants, and swiftly pulled himself in a boat around the bend in the cove, and in front of the farmhouse.

Jack stood up in the boat.

For five years Dorothy had always been standing, after every trip, on that tall, square boulder, waving her handkerchief to him. Then the light spring from her perch, a run down the strip of beach across the marshy meadows, along the little pier, and her hand lay in his.

Not to-day. Instead, he descried Fred Redlon's horse tied to the gate-post, and two figures—of a height—pacing up and down the porch.

Jack sat down. He picked up his oars, and clinching his teeth together, pulled back against the tide to Gloucester and the Susan Jane.

It would be time enough to reach Chenoweth Farm when Dave himself went over, so he thought.

"What a perfect night!" Redlon exclaimed, looking out to the starry sky.

"There's a storm brewing, for all those stars, though," Dorothy answers, "see yonder red light in the west, and all that bank of billowy clouds. We shall catch a gale to-morrow or I am mistaken. I wish father were safe at home."

Dorothy shades her eyes with her hand, just in time to catch a glimpse of Jack Kendal as he rounds the point.

"There be Jack now!" cries she. "The Susan Jane must be in, and father will be home for Thanksgiving, after all!" The girl's face flushes with pleasure and excitement as she claps her hands together. "I wonder what Jack's pulling off to Gloucester for!" she adds, presently.

"Perhaps he caught sight of me and took fright!" Redlon says, stroking his dark mustache.

"Took fright from you! Jack! You're too little!" the girl says, purposely misunderstanding him, and with a certain scorn of small things and small men implied in her curling red lips.

"So long, Dorothy, as I am big enough to have cut him out of your heart, my size will suit me well enough."

"And have you?" she asks, stopping short, and staring at him with her wide, lovely eyes.

"Haven't I?" cries the young fellow, passionately taking her brown hands in his soft white ones. "Dorothy, if I thought you weren't to be mine, I'd—"

"Well, what?—what?"

"I don't know," he responds, sullenly. "You torture me to-night. Why is it that sometimes you make me feel that I am in your eyes lacking? Heavens!" cries he, angrily. "You are the only woman on earth who ever did make me feel so. Why is it?"

"Do you want to know?" she asks. "Yes, I do! Tell me!"

"Do you see the sea yonder, and the storm brewing! when the great waves 'll howl, and when the clouds are like they're buttin' with the tumble of the fresh water as comes a-peltin' down to meet the salt! Well, there's where you're lackin'! You've crossed the ocean aboard of a steamer, five times as you tell me, a-lyin' in a berth as snug as your own room at home there, and as safe; but what do you know of vixin' your life for your bread?" cries Dorothy, as her brown eyes gleam. "In a storm, say, like that one that is a-croopin' up over you?"

Nothing!

Redlon looks at her, and his own poetic nature borrows something of the fervent flash of hers.

"Dorothy!" cries he, catching the tall girl to his heart. "I'll be worthier of you. It may not be for bread's sake, my darling, but it will be for yours."

"What do you mean, Fred! what do you mean?"

"Palaxy!" laughs Redlon. "I must be off now. The storm is gathering. Tell your father welcome home for me, and I'll be over to-morrow night."

"Thanksgiving Night," murmurs the girl, as she lays a timid finger in the white hand of her lover.

The storm did gather, and by the next morning it broke in awful splendor up and down the coast.

The cove crept up and licked all the green out of the marsh meadows, and sent the cattle shivering inland; and the waves crashed over the boulders, cracked and smote the reefs, turned the pier into a whirlpool, and moaned the requiem of all its wrecks.

The dahlias and asters in the garden were all broken necked, and the long grass was beaten flat; and the birds' nests tumbled out of the shaken trees, and a swirl of red and brown leaves blew and beat all day long against the window-panes where Dorothy worked away, singing, in the kitchen.

What if it did storm! The Susan Jane was safe in Gloucester harbor, and her father and Jack and Joe were all at home, and it was Thanksgiving Day—to-night would be Thanksgiving Night; and Dorothy had, in a certain vague fashion, promised herself that Thanksgiving Night must bring her affairs to a crisis—that there and then she must decide finally to allow Fred Redlon to tell her father of all that there was between them.

The three men stood warming their chilled fingers at the kitchen stove, when Dorothy, with the basting-spoon in her hand, ran over to the east window to take a peep at the storm.

"It be a terrible night!" the girl says, holding her hands up to see the better. "Guess it be; and 'twill be worse."

Dave Chenoweth has scarcely time to answer, when Dorothy cries out: "Father! father! there's a boat out yon—a small boat. Look! look!"

She pushes up the sash and leans out into the night, the men crowding around her.

"It's bottom up!" cries Dorothy; "and there's something—some one a-top of it!"

"Get my glass, Sis!" Dorothy handed it him, and Dave Chenoweth's rough face pales as he looks.

"Who is it, father? Can you make out?"

"It's Fred Redlon, Sis. Now I remember, when I met him, this morning, he said as how he'd be down to-night, and as he was a-coming in a boat. Of course I laughed—thought he was a jokin'. Fred's allers fond of his joke."

Dorothy put her hand to her head, she turns, sickened, away; her eyes met Jack's eyes fastened upon her face. He touches her a little roughly on the shoulder.

"Dorothy," he says, hoarsely, "there ain' much time to lose. Shall I try to save him—for you?"

"Save him—save him!" answer she, wildly. "Yes, yes; it's my fault, his being out yon at all—my fault! Hurry, hurry, Jack! Come, Joe—father! Jack's a-going to save him!"

Jack doesn't flinch nor hesitate a second; he pays slight heed to Joe's remonstrances, or to Dave Chenoweth's on the shrieking waves of the inlet, and with one catch at Dorothy's hand, with his arm she helps her father and brother push off the craft, Jack Kendal is pulling for his life and the other's with a desperation known only to such heroic natures as his.

They watch—the three—from the shore. Now they can see the frail shell; now they cannot. This moment a living speck upon the top of the waters, leaping to meet and reach that other speck a mile and more away from it; the next, both lost to sight in the great gray gulf.

It did not take long—not so long as it takes me to tell it—before Jack Kendal, making one last long lunge with his boat, holding his right oar with his strong white teeth, caught the living, breathing body of Redlon in his arm and lifted it in beside him.

Dorothy fell on her knees on the sand, clutching with tense fingers at the spray-dashed rocks by which she crouched. Looking up, she saw the Cape Ann Lights, and then, with a great awful sob and a rush of long pent-up tears, she remembered Jack Kendal. Through all the next fateful moments she thought only of him—saw only, in her mind, his blue eyes, his sunny head, as the speck upon the waste of waters dashed nearer, nearer—now, now Joe and his father, reaching strong arms, caught at the boat's edge and hauled it, Dorothy helping, up the sands.

The three men—they were not worthy people—carried Redlon quickly into the farmhouse-kitchen and laid him on the old hair-cloth sofa. They gave him stimulants, put dry clothes on him, and finally whispered that he was "all right," and sat down to eat. At last Dave Chenoweth and his son sat down.

Jack Kendal stood by the window; he had refused to take anything, or to dry his clothes or change them; and Dorothy sat on a stool by the sofa, gazing at the sleeping man's pallid face.

Jack turned away from the window. The two men were talking over their meal. Dorothy was well in the shadow, away from the flare of the candles, and Kendal went up to her and knelt down beside her.

"Dorothy," he says, brokenly, "I believe as how I've done about all I could for you"—he glances at the sleeping man—"and now I'm goin' away from the farm—for good—to-night—now!" He holds out his hand.

Dorothy does not take it. She rises; she crosses to the window and pulls aside the thin curtain, and beckons Jack Kendal to her side.

"Jack," she says, "when I saw you out yon, and saw the lights a-shinin', I prayed for you to come back safe." Jack shakes his head sadly.

"For you!" the girl cries, wildly; not him! It's all been a mistake with him; it—it's been you, Jack, all the time. When I saw them lights, I knew—I couldn't love no landman, Jack—I couldn't marry no man as couldn't manage a boat better'n that. Jack," she adds, plaintively, "will you hev me?"

And Jack makes little answer, save the fold of his wet young arms about her closely, the kisses of his ruddy mouth on hers.

So these four, quietly, lest they wake the bruised and resting man, eat together their Thanksgiving dinner. And at the east window, where Dorothy left the curtain pushed aside, the Cape Ann Lights gleam in and shine on Jack's happy face.

"I'll always love them lights," Dorothy whispers to her lover, later on.

"Will he?" Jack asks.

"Yes," the girl answers, thoughtfully. "Two of a kind is a fair mating," stroking her lover's hand; "but ill-matched is only marred."—Fannie A. Mathews.

DREAMS.

I dream of days now long forever fled— A time when life was earnest, real and true— Before the hope of happiness was dead; Before life's sorrows filled my heart anew With fleeting fancies—wishes never gained— Though oft they seemed close to my eager grasp; Ambition lured to heights I never attained, To friends whose hands I always failed to clasp.

I often dream of days that now are here; Of hopes that urge me on my toilsome way; Of stars that shine my wayward course to cheer, Up to the realms of longed-for famed day. The more I strive the farther off it seems— This goal for which I vainly dream and hope— The sun obscured—to me it hides its beams— While I in doubt my rayless pathway grieve.

Then I have dreams of life not yet begun, Hidden away in years—long years—to be, On wheels of life—where golden threads are spun; When toil is done—the weary spirit free. This dream is one I fain would realize; To prove that life is not quite all in vain, But if it reaches far beyond the skies— Before death comes—oh, let me dream again.

—Clint L. Luce, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Half the pepper sold in Boston consists of p's.—Boston.

The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches. Nations of Europe appear to have nary a Prince who is able to govern Bulgaria. —Washington Post.

Gems of thought—Where is the winter coal coming from?—Waterloo Observer.

If there is one thing that quicker than another will drive a man to drink it is thirst.—Life.

It is said that bees can predict weather. They can certainly make it hot where they are.—Boston Post.

There is nothing especially murderous or ferocious about a gilded youth, and yet he takes life easily.—Ranbier.

A farmer's journal says tomatoes will ultimately be propagated from shoots. Planted with a gun, eh?—Siftings.

Can a man lose anything he never owned? Why, certainly; people lose railroad trains every day.—Boston Post.

Light moves 192,000 miles per second. Sound moves 743 miles a sec., and scendal travels around the world in no time.—Life.

The West is said to be a great grain growing country, but it cannot raise its own bread without the assistance of the yeast.—Dallas News.

E. Stone Wiggins, the late earthquake prophet, parts his hair in the middle. For all that, his head does not appear to be evenly balanced.—Graphic.

It is stated that mosquitoes will not sting grown persons if there is a baby in the room. They probably realize that the baby causes them sufficient suffering.—New Haven News.

Two clergymen once hotly disputed on some knotty point of theology until it was time to separate, when one of them remarked: "You will find my views very well put in a certain pamphlet," of which he gave the title. To his surprise his antagonist replied: "Why, I wrote that pamphlet myself."—The Churchman.

The Emblematic Horse-Shoe. And now it is authoritatively stated that the horse-shoe is not the emblem of good luck it has so long been supposed. On the contrary, it brings the reverse of luck to people who treasure it. The superstitious will please take notice, and cease to pick up this offending piece of iron wherever and whenever they chance to see it, as has long been their custom. One of the greatest scamps on record, a person who would have sold his mother's false teeth if the "fit took him," once said nothing on earth or in heaven would prevent him stopping to pick up a horse-shoe, for, if he knew his fortune was at stake should he miss a certain train, he would rather lose both than pass this emblem by! It is melancholy to acknowledge he was always a lucky fellow till he died, and then, who can tell whether he was or not? At all events he left a large collection of horse-shoes of all sizes and conditions to mourn his loss, and henceforth exercise their thaumaturgical power in some neighboring junk-shop.—Boston Herald.

WORKING A CEDAR MINE.

RECOVERING SUBMERGED TREES FROM A NEW JERSEY SWAMP.

A Forest of Big Cedars That Fell Ages Ago—Methods of Their Recovery—Their Uses.

A Dennisville (N. J.) letter to the New York Sun says: The fallen and submerged cedar forests of this part of New Jersey, which were discovered first beneath the Dennisville swamps seventy-five years ago, still afford employment to scores of people in their excavation, and are a source of constant interest to geologists. There are standing at the present day no such immense specimens of the cedar anywhere in the country as are found embedded deep in the muck of the Dennisville swamps. Some of the trees that have been uncovered are six feet in diameter, and trees four feet through are common.

Although ages must have passed since these great forests fell and became covered many feet beneath the surface, such trees as fell according to the general theory, while yet living trees, are as sound to-day as they were the day they were uprooted. These trees are called windfalls, as it is thought they were torn up by the roots during some terrible gale of an unknown past. Others are found in the muck which are called break-downs, as they were evidently dead trees when they fell, and have been held by the action of the mud and water in the swamp in the same stage of decay they were in when they fell.

The cedar forests, it is thought, grew in a fresh-water lake or swamp, the action of which was necessary to their existence. According to Mr. Clarence Deming and Dr. Maurice Bessely, eminent geological authorities of southern New Jersey, the sea either broke in on the swamps or the land subsided, and the salt water reached the trees. This destroyed the life of many of them, and in time the great windfall came and leveled the forest. The trees now lie beneath the soft soil at various depths, and ever since 1812 the logs have been mined and are an important factor in the local commercial interests of South Jersey. The cedars are cut up into shingles and staves, and the longevity of articles made from the wood is shown in shingles, tuls, and palls which were made over seventy years ago, and which show no signs of decay yet.

The working of a "cedar mine" is exceedingly simple. The log digger enters the swamp and prods in the soft soil with a long, sharp iron rod. The trees lie so thickly beneath the surface that the rod cannot be pushed far into the muck before it strikes a log. That done, the miner soon informs himself as to the length of the trunk, and then chips off a piece which his rod brings up. By the smell of this chip the digger can tell whether he has struck a break-down or a windfall, and, if it is the latter, he proceeds at once to raise the log. He works a saw similar to those used by ice cutters, down through the mud and saves the log in two as near the roots as necessary. The top is next sawed off, and then the big cedar stick is ready to be released from its resting place. A ditch is dug down to the log, the trunk is loosened, and it rises up with the water to the surface of the ditch. A curious thing is noticed about these logs when they come to the surface, and that is that they invariably turn over with their bottom sides up. The log is sawed into proper lengths for shingles or staves, which are split and worked into shape entirely by hand. These cedar shingles command a price, much higher than pine or chestnut shingles.

These ancient cedars are of the white variety, and have the same strong, aromatic fragrance when cut that the common red cedar has. The wood is of a delicate flesh color. One of the mysteries is that none of the trees is ever found to be water-logged in the slightest degree. It is impossible to tell how many layers deep these cedars lie in the swamp, but it is certain that there are several layers, and that with all the work that has been done in the swamp for seventy years the first layer has not yet been removed. At some places in the marsh the soil has sunk for several feet and become dry, and there the fallen cedars may be seen lying one on top of another in great heaps. No tree has been removed from the Dennisville swamp from a greater depth than three feet, but they have been found at a greater depth outside the limits of the swamp, showing not only the correctness of the deep-layer theory, but the great extent of the ancient forest outside of the swamp near. Near the shores of the Delaware, nearly eight miles from Dennisville, white cedar logs have been exhumed from a depth of twelve feet. At Cape May, twenty miles distant, drillers of an artesian well struck one of the trees when the drill was about ninety feet in the earth. It was lying in an alluvial deposit similar to the Dennisville marsh. Another log was found at Cape May twenty feet below the surface, and a third at a depth of seventy feet. These logs were all of enormous size. What it is in the amber-colored swamp water and red muck at Dennisville that preserves these trees so that after a lapse of centuries they are as clean and smooth as it was when the green branches of the cedars were waving over the swamp is a mystery that scientific men have as yet been unable to solve.

In France the number of suicides is alarmingly on the increase. In 1851 there were ten suicides to every 100,000 inhabitants, but in 1891 there were twenty to the same number, as the statistics show.

"Gath" says that the city of New York is growing more and more like Paris every year.